

FAITHLESS

The Wanton Wife of an Honest Husband

COMES TO SORROW

She is Caught With a Paramour in Sweet's

BOTH PUT IN JAIL

Upon a Charge of Lewd and Lascivious Conduct

SHE SHONE IN SOCIETY

The Story of Her Downfall as Told by Her Husband—Detective Kennedy Laid a Trap and Caught Her—Her Story—The Paramour's Denial—Bail is Procured and Both are Released.

There culminated yesterday a social scandal which has been budding for more than a week. Sheriff McQueen, Detective Kennedy and A. K. Tyson entered Sweet's hotel shortly after dinner yesterday and walked up to the register and scanned the pages. The party went upstairs and halted at room No. 72 on the second floor and Mr. Tyson placed his hand on the knob, turned it, and then threw the door open. As he did so two startled inmates sprang to their feet in confusion. One was the wife of Tyson the other a former trusted friend, Edward H. Mortimer. The pair were taken by the officers to the county jail, where they were locked up on the charge of adultery.

Mr. Tyson's Touching Tale. The story leading up to this deplorable climax is given by Mr. Tyson himself.

"While living in Saranac I became acquainted with Birdie Brown. She was then fifteen years old. She was everything that a fellow could wish for in a girl—pretty, vivacious, well educated, accomplished. I fell madly in love with her. Her father is H. R. Brown of Saranac, wealthy and well connected. I kept company with her three years and then we were married. Five years have passed since then. We have one child, a little girl now three years old. From Saranac I came to this city. I reside at No. 152 Wealthy avenue and am employed as foreman at Stanton's Printing company. About one year ago this month my wife met Edward Mortimer, a salesman, while shopping at Frank's, Jamison & Co.'s dry goods store. The necessity for shopping became more frequent, but this did not arouse my suspicions. Artfully Birdie began to broach the subject of taking a boarder. I doubted her mind of the notion for the time, but it came up again. She described Mortimer. Told what a noble fellow he was. Said I could not help but like him. That he and I were sure to become intimate friends. He was invited to the house. I met him and was attracted toward him. In fact we were soon fast friends. I trusted him, and there is where I played the fool. He came to board with us, and so surely did I believe in his honesty that it was of no infrequent occurrence for me to allow them to go to places of amusement together.

My wife began to change toward me. She was distant and insisted on occupying separate apartments. When I was introduced once I realized that my love for her was so deep that a separation would be impossible, and our little girl, Lucille—I thought of her—the sweet little tot. I'm glad she can't realize this. I noticed that Mortimer's familiarity with my wife, his devotion and attention were not within the bounds of propriety. One night we had company. Mortimer was present and something occurred which caused me to assert my rights and insist on my wife retiring. She conducted herself in such a manner that I lost my temper. I pushed her slightly—not intending to harm her. Mortimer jumped to his feet and told me not to dare to strike 'Birdie.' Then and there I told Mortimer he must leave the house. He said he would not do so as he had a week's board paid in advance. I saw the injustice of this and said he could stay just one week and then he must go. That week I went home to my sisters, which I had not been in the habit of doing. She was very cool to me, but my object in going home was to prevent my wife and Mortimer being alone together.

Mortimer wrote five letters. Mortimer went to Chicago and everything was settled satisfactorily. Until one week ago I suspected nothing of a criminal nature. My wife went to Saranac to visit her parents. Three letters came to the house. I learned from them that they were from Mortimer. The contents were words of love. My eyes at

last were thoroughly opened. I visited a lawyer. A scheme was concocted to catch my wife and Mortimer. My wife returned from Saranac. I at once informed her that I had left the city for a couple of days. She wrote Mortimer telling him the coast would be clear, and for him to come here. Saturday she received a telegram from him in which he said he did not think he could come. She wired him to come if possible, and he replied he would be here Saturday night.

Detective Kennedy's Part. The next act in this social drama is Detective Kennedy. I didn't know a thing about this case until Friday night. It isn't my kind, but I was persuaded to take the job by an intimate friend of Mr. Tyson's. According to the plan devised, Mr. Tyson went to the depot ostensibly to take a train for Grand Haven. His wife accompanied him to the depot. Before he went through the gate his wife kissed him good-bye and enquired anxiously if it would be possible for him to return Sunday night. He assured her that his business was of such a nature that he could not. She returned home and Mr. Tyson jumped off the opposite side of the train. I left him to watch the depot for the arrival of Mortimer. I went to the house. I saw Mrs. Tyson moving about. A carriage drove up to the door. I thought she left when it drove away, and for a time was thrown off the track. Then I saw her in the house again. She poured out a cup of tea and slipped it. The hired girl came out. I stopped her and asked her where she was going. After rebuking me for my freshness she said she was carrying a note for Mrs. Tyson. I followed her. After noticing where she went I walked to the depot and told Mr. Tyson I thought there was something in the wind. We looked off the girl on her way homeward and she told Mr. Tyson where she had been. It was arranged that she should leave the cellar door open. I watched outside, and finally Julius Tisch walked up the front steps. This was about 9:30 or 10 o'clock. I listened in the cellar to what was going on above. Everything said was not audible, but I caught a few words. About 2 o'clock a. m. Mr. Tisch left.

Tracked to the Hotel. "Yesterday morning I watched the house again. Mrs. Tyson came out at length. I shadowed her to the doors of a church. When she reappeared she was accompanied by a young man wearing a silk hat. They walked to the corner of Monroe and Ottawa streets where she took the car for home. The man went to Sweet's hotel. He registered as 'R. Commons' of Chicago.' I took a position outside where I could see both entrances and waited. It was about an hour I think, when looking up the street I saw Mrs. Tyson alight from a car at Waterloo and Monroe. She went to the ladies' entrance, opened the door and disappeared.

Her husband was within sight, disguised as an Italian fruit vendor. I got Sheriff McQueen. We waited awhile and then went to the room assigned to Mortimer. When we opened the door Mrs. Tyson sprang to her feet from the bed where she had been lying. Her hat and wraps were lying on the dresser. Mortimer was standing up in the center of the room. I arrested both and took them to the jail where they were locked up.

"BIRDIE" EXPLAINS HERSELF. She Tries to Show Her Budding Innocence to a Reporter.

Mrs. Birdie Tyson was interviewed at the jail by a reporter for THE HERALD. Sheriff McQueen placed her in a room on the second floor apart from the other female prisoners. She was lying on a couch, her face buried in the pillow. She raised herself on her elbow. With the other hand she brushed her eyes, apparently trying to sweep away something that might have been there. She arose somewhat hastily, a little frightened, and, staggering slightly, grasped the back of a chair and sighed despondently. Sheriff McQueen informed her as to the reporter's mission, and advised her not to say a word if she didn't want to.

"And have the newspapers found it out?" she said, scarcely above her breath, assuming the air of a crushed comedian in a burlesque performance. She was told that all the facts were known and that if she wanted to make a statement she could do so. "Must it be printed? Is there nothing I can do? Have you no pity?" she urged in a tone of voice. She was coldly informed that the facts must be made public. "My husband is to blame for this. I first met Mr. Mortimer when my husband brought him to our house. He came there to board against my will. My husband wouldn't go anywhere with me, but instead would leave me alone at home when he went out to the lake. Mortimer had a snip.

"He gave Mr. Mortimer every opportunity to be with me. He even purchased tickets for entertainments and stated that I should go with him. One day Mr. Mortimer asked him if he didn't think it was wrong; that the neighbors would talk. He ridiculed the idea. Mr. Mortimer was everything that was good. I am only 22 years old. I accepted kindness at the hands of Mr. Mortimer. I fell in love with him. Our relations, however, were always within the bounds of propriety. He went away and I wrote to him. He came here yesterday. Something told me that I ought not to go to that hotel. I left Mr. Mortimer and went home, but my husband had locked the house. I came down town again and went to the hotel. I was in the parlor and Mr. Tisch was there as was also Mr. Mortimer. I wasn't feeling well and said so. Mr. Mortimer suggested that I go to his room and lie down awhile, saying that though I would feel better afterwards. He showed me to the room and then went out to get some fruit. He had just returned when the officers and my husband came in. My hair was not disheveled. It was just the same as it is now. I don't know why I went there. But I only had stayed away from there."

Mr. Tisch Was a Friend. She said Mr. Tisch was a friend of her husband's and a friend of hers and she had sent for him because she was lonesome and afraid to stay alone. She was sure he did not stay late as the detective said he did.

"I have deliberately walked into the trap set for me and ruined myself for life. Oh, blind fool that I have been! But I am not guilty of anything of a criminal nature. My husband knows that. Just as sure as I do not expect to live another two weeks I am guilty in that respect."

story was interspersed with superb acting. As she was made acquainted with fact after fact in the long chain of circumstances, she swayed to and fro and at times appeared to be on the verge of fainting. She was attired neatly and in a woman of fair address and polished manners.

Edward Mortimer was seen in his cell. He sat on the edge of his cot and looked very dejected. He was not disposed to talk at first, but finally said it was a case of "lovelorn through."

"I can see now," he said, "that I have made a great mistake. He encouraged my attentions to his wife. I am only human and could not resist falling in love with her. I deny that there has ever been any relations of a criminal nature between us."

Sheriff McQueen released Mortimer on his own recognizance to give him an opportunity to get a bondsman. While out he also consulted an attorney, who consented to defend him.

Mr. Tyson was released on a bond for \$300, signed by Dr. Pressy. She went at once to his home.

CLEVELAND AND BOIES. Mr. Richardson Thinks the Combination Would Win.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The Hon. D. N. Richardson, editor of the Davenport Democrat and member of the democratic national committee from Iowa, is at the Arlington. He will be remembered gratefully by Detroit people for his support of the city's claim for the national convention. He comes east this time to secure a bunch of professors for the university of Iowa, with which he is officially connected. He says: "Out in Iowa nobody disputes the popularity of Grover Cleveland. Mr. Hill has no following in our state. Of course, Governor Boies is a prime favorite. He is liked by all classes and his administration has been eminently successful. He is not a seeker after office and is making no effort to boom himself, but only voice the conservative sentiment of the Iowa democracy when I say that should Governor Boies be pitted on the ticket, either as first or second, the ticket would carry the state. Cleveland and Boies strikes me as a winning combination."

THEOSOPHISTS IN SESSION. They Ask President Olcott to Receive the Office for Life.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The Anglo-American section of the International Society of Theosophists in annual convention declined to accept the resignation of Col. H. S. Olcott as president, and intimated a desire that he continue in the position for life. A hundred delegates were present from New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Omaha, Cleveland, Washington, New Orleans and numerous smaller places in Iowa, Michigan and Nebraska. Judge W. McBride of St. Wayne was chosen president. G. R. Ward was received as delegate from the European section. A resolution lamenting the death of Mme. Blavatsky was adopted, and numerous papers relating to theosophical doctrines read and discussed.

OUR PRISONS ATTACKED.

An Englishman Declares They Are Only Schools of Crime. LONDON, April 24.—A letter written by Lester William Tallack of the Howard association has been published here and has excited much interest among those connected officially and unofficially with English prisons. Mr. Tallack says that after a careful study of prisons in Italy and America where a system has been adopted of giving prisoners of a hardened type free intercourse with the other prisoners and providing them with comforts and luxuries, he has found that the results are deplorable. The prisoners of Massachusetts, he declares, are schools of crime and have terrible effects upon the community. Crime in England, where the prisoners are separated, has decreased, while in America it is rapidly increasing.

TROOP TRANSPORT SUNK.

A French Vessel Goes to the Bottom Drowning Sixteen Men.

PARIS, April 24.—Advices from Tonquin go to the effect that the sloop Messageries Fluviales, used as a troop transport, has gone down in the Clair-Hong river and thirty French soldiers and the captain were drowned. Fifteen men escaped. One account says the sloop's boiler exploded and the vessel burst; another that the vessel ran on a snag, which burst a hole in the bottom and she sank. Both agree that she was unseaworthy and had been condemned by the French engineer.

BLAZE ON THE ALTAR.

A Priest and His Assistants Burned While Saying Mass.

FR. WAYNE, Ind., April 24.—During the first communion service at St. Mary's Catholic church this morning, in the presence of an immense congregation, fire communicated from the taper to some artificial flowers and a panic ensued in which the priest and several assistants were quite severely burned and many of the congregation were badly burned before the fire was extinguished.

BAKERS ON A STRIKE.

The Cleveland Unionists Demand Concessions Which Are Refused.

CLEVELAND, O., April 24.—Over 200 bakers of this city are out on a strike. They demand that they be exempted from night work in the future, and that baking concerns shall employ no one except through the labor bureau organized by the bakers. The companies refuse to accede to the demands.

Spain's New Minister Honored.

MADRID, April 24.—A banquet was given at the American legation last night by the Hon. E. Burs Grath, the American minister to Spain, to Senator Dupuy, the newly appointed Spanish minister to the United States. A large number of distinguished Spaniards were present.

Sunday Base Ball.

National League.—At Cincinnati, Cincinnati 10, St. Louis 2. Western League.—At St. Paul, St. Paul 5, Indianapolis 3. At Minneapolis, Minneapolis 6, Milwaukee 2. At Kansas City—Kansas City 9, Columbus 11. At Omaha—rain.

SHE'S IN THE FIELD

Victoria Woodhull Aspires for the Presidency

SHE ANNOUNCES HERSELF

As in the Race With All Plans Matured to Capture the Prize Which She Eagerly Covets.

New York, April 24.—Among the passengers on the North German Lloyd steamer Trave were Mr. and Mrs. John Biddulph Martin. Mrs. Martin is better known in this country as Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the exponent of woman's rights, and the sponsor for certain ideas of sociology for the betterment of the race by the higher education of fathers and mothers in the rearing of children. Mr. and Mrs. Martin are both members of the royal commission of the World's Fair and will visit Chicago on business connected with their offices. Incidentally, in the approaching canvass, Mrs. Martin will become a candidate for the office of president of the United States. She is a firm believer in her destiny and is absolutely confident of being the successor of Benjamin Harrison in the white house. Mrs. Martin announced her intention of becoming a candidate and outlined the educational platform upon which she starts as follows: "Yes, our plans are thoroughly matured. I have come back to ask my people to put me in the white house. Not that I care for the position. I only care for it so far as it will give me the power to inaugurate a system of education which will awaken the people to the responsibility of creating a race of gods, instead of the inferior human beings who cumber the face of the earth today."

CLEWS ON THE MARKET.

The Speculative Spirit Held in Check by Expectant Futures.

New York, April 24.—Affairs in Wall street begin to show more animation. On the one hand the "bear" commitments have subjected that class of operators to a pressure from the "bulls" which at times develops some lively skirmishing; and, on the other, the untimeliness of the anthracite interests through the recent Reading deal causes frequent large transactions in that class of securities, which imparts a certain degree of speculative interest to the general list. At the moment these are the principal causes conducing to the growing interest in the market, but though restricted, these influences are attracting the attention of outside operators and may possibly lay the basis for a still more active movement later on. The predominant attitude of the speculative interest seems to be that of expectancy. Although at the moment there is some disposition to defer transactions until the further development of crop prospects, yet the preponderant tenor of influence bearing upon the course of prices is construed as favorable. There are now before us four clear months during which there can be no doubt that money will rule at excessively low rates; and a like case may be expected to prevail in the money markets of Europe. A great hope begins to dawn upon monetary circles as the now assured prospect of a world's conference will soon assemble for deliberating upon the silver question, the invitations for such a congress having been already issued by the state department and assurances received that England, France, Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary will accept. That prospect is the more assuring because the promotion of the conference has been cordially encouraged by Great Britain—the country which hitherto has most persistently opposed all international endeavors to restore the status of silver as a co-ordinate currency with gold. England's new attitude in this matter is the more important, because it plainly implies that recent experience is viewed as having demonstrated the maintenance of silver to be a commercial and financial necessity—an argument which is tenfold more effective for action on this question than any more theoretic reasoning.

FIRST IN SEVENTEEN YEARS.

An Austrian Man-of-War in the Harbor at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—The Austrian corvette Fasana reached San Francisco yesterday morning. She flies the Austrian flag, although she is the only ship of her nationality in Pacific waters. The Fasana is also the first Austrian man-of-war that has touched this port in seventeen years. She came here from Valparaiso direct, the voyage occupying sixty-three days. While here she will coal and freshen up and return to Austria via Honolulu and Japan. Prior to the arrival of the Fasana it was reported that she had been brother of Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, who under the name of John Orth, left Auckland, New Zealand, in a German sailing ship about two years ago for Valparaiso. He had with him a woman of great personal beauty, who he said was his wife. The story told by Orth was to the effect that he had left the fatherland because he was not allowed to marry the woman of his choice. From Valparaiso, also, came news that Orth had been drowned in the harbor about twelve months before. When spoken to about the matter the officers on the Fasana said their vessel had not been looking for the missing archduke. The corvette, however, was employed for that purpose, but she was turned to Trieste seven months ago, as it had been proved beyond peradventure that John Orth was dead.

BLAINE A FAVORITE.

The Plumed Knight Urged to Accept the Presidential Nomination.

CHICAGO, April 24.—The Chicago Blaine club is engaged in Greco-Roman wrestling match with the political situation. The first result is a set of resolutions, the circulation of which in printed form was commenced today. The resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the club, recite that while the written declaration of Mr. Blaine that he is not a candidate for the presidency is undoubtedly true, it is not his true intention; that he is "the right and privilege as an American citizen," "the people have rights

which are paramount to the rights of the individual." It is declared that "the office should seek the man," and further along that "it becomes the duty of individual citizens to ignore his personal wishes and to bow to the will of the majority." Mr. Blaine is extolled as the "greatest American," and it is submitted that "there exists all over this nation a widespread and universal desire at this important period of our history that our standard-bearer shall be the hero of reciprocity." In conclusion the resolutions say: "The Chicago Blaine club earnestly urges upon all similar clubs throughout the land and upon all citizens who are in sympathy with this movement, a vigorous and combined effort which shall result in the nomination of Mr. Blaine, trusting to his tried and true loyalty to the party which has honored him in the past, to his regard for the wishes of the faithful friends who have followed him so long, to his sense of duty to his country for which he has done so much, to accept the nomination."

AWAKE TO THE TRUTH.

The Encroachments Upon Public Peace and Prosperity Decried.

EDITOR HERALD.—The farmer should be a closer student of daily practical life. During depression in prices, declines in markets the farmer has been disposed to consider himself as fighting a hapless battle and at times has lost heart. A wider knowledge of facts would have shown him that the merchant, the mechanic, the laboring man, and the professional man, have always had as hard a battle to fight as he, and had to fight it under greater disadvantages. It is a settled fact if the farmer faces all, others always face worse, for the reason that the farmer's expenses are always at the minimum and he can always control them, whilst the expenses of other lines of business go on, whether profits come in or not. If the farmer prospers, all other lines of legitimate industry prosper.

We give below a favorite motto for farm house parlors, which may be appropriate for a large portion of our country friends:

The Lawyer—I plead for all.
The Doctor—I prescribe for all.
The Preacher—I pray for all.
The Farmer—I pay for all.

That the farmers of our country have been poisoned by political demagogues and are ripe for revolt and only wait new leaders ready to lead them astray is evident from the appearance of their class papers. We noticed recently in one of them, "Will Farmers Assert Their Rights, or Continue to Be Slaves?" in which it said, among other things: "The future prospects of the producers were never more gloomy than at the present time." "The prices of all farm products are extremely low," etc., etc.

The apparent awakening of the people to the truth is always a great source of congratulation. It indicates that the worst of admonition and warning have not been in vain, and are not entirely lost upon the desert air. It only remains to say now, forward march, onward and upward, but let honor be the compass. Stand by the republican principles which are your greatest protection. Sow good and true principles broadest, plant in advance of the coming election—instill them into your neighbors; plant them deep, and cultivate them faithfully and republican victory is assured. The forests have been hewed down, the soil has been driven back, the clouds of life fought valiantly and victoriously won. Our nation has been placed pre-eminently at the head of the nations of all the earth, and there it ought to be held by voting for protection. Do not trust your vital interests to foreign countries what have no interest in us. We should take good thought of the possibilities before us until we find our richest inheritance, and then we should be ready to let full liberty and the perfect pursuit of happiness. No strip should be taken backward and thus have our children crushed beneath the weights of foreign poverty.

Back one year, the legislation of the democracy is a disgrace to the state. Another session of such a law making body will bear upon us all, it will bring our families and our grievances. We will not allow foreign nations to control us, and our country we are capable of governing ourselves. May the good God that rules us and the power of organization prevent our being thrown into the hands of free traders with foreign pauper labor. Protection is our only hope for continual growth. With free trade we may see dire calamity. We will be powerless if we once lose our freedom in protection. To preserve equal and exact justice may require the wisdom of Solomon, the genius of a Newton and the patient courage of a Washington; still, our rights must be preserved and our home and our country protected. There is now no time for wavering. A coward is he that lags behind when danger is in front. A traitor is he who for political causes or from selfish motives would help to cause disunion in time of peril. But it is the world's benefactor who forges his own pleasure and preferences that others may receive greater blessings. Let the word of command pass rapidly along the line.

C. G. S.

Odd Accident on the Erie.

CLEVELAND, O., April 24.—Erie passenger train No. 2 had an odd accident at Salamanca last night. She struck a projecting car on the siding which tore the entire side out of each car. Two passengers rolled out in their night clothes, amid great excitement, but no one was injured.

Stole a Lot of Cigars.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Burglars last night effected an entrance through the roof of Berrance & Co.'s cigar store on East street and carried away \$1,000 imported cigars, valued at \$600. No trace of goods or men were found.

Shot His Son-in-Law.

TEXARKANA, Ark., April 24.—J. D. Sharp, a wealthy painter, while trying to thrash Charles Kingwell, his son-in-law, for beating his wife, drew a revolver and shot Kingwell dead.

Frozen to Death in Colorado.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., April 24.—Jesus Punga and Theopile Quintana, two Mexican herdsmen, were frozen to death while going from one ranch to another Friday.

Famous Lawyer Dead.

BALTIMORE, April 24.—Chas. H. Reed, who gained wide notoriety as assistant counsel to George Seaville, defending Guitau, died today.

DEATH IN THE AIR

Hundreds Dying From the Cholera Scourge

NOW RAGING IN BENARES

Dirty and Poisoned Water Breeds the Awful Pestilence Through Milk Taken From the Cows.

CALCUTTA, April 24.—A very virulent epidemic of cholera is raging in Benares. The mortality is very great. Yesterday there were reported 100 new cases and 133 deaths from the disease. Dr. Gregg, the sanitary commissioner for Bengal, recently issued a report upon an outbreak of cholera that occurred at Senapore, a few miles northwest of this city. Over the whole of the affected area he found that tanks of various shapes, sizes and depths had been dug and that all contained very dirty water. Low, foul jungles reeking with bad smells surrounded these tanks, the surfaces of which were almost completely hidden with thick decaying water plants with here and there a clear place where the inhabitants washed their cooking utensils and drew water for domestic use. Between and around the houses are narrow lanes, tortuous by narrow, deep, uneven drains, in which fish collect. The substances under the influence of the hot sun quickly decompose and emit foul odors. In places Dr. Gregg actually observed "masses of undulating maggots and portions of decaying animals." Whenever the people living in the houses in the neighborhood of these tanks had used the water, there cholera made its appearance. The tanks are also the sources from which the milkmen obtain water for their cows, and it is more than probable they dilute their milk with the same water. Continuing his inquiries from house to house, Dr. Gregg found that wherever the supply of milk was obtained from cows that drank at the dirty tanks, cholera was present and that there was a corresponding absence of cholera among the police constables, who were supplied with clean water from the police tank and obtained their milk supply from a distance.

M'KINLEY WRITES THEM.

Eau Claire's Novel Linen and Pearl Button Club Encouraged.

Eau Claire, Wis., April 24.—The following letter has been received by the Pearl Button club: "I have your letter advising me of my election as an honorary member of the Eau Claire Linen and Pearl Button club, and in reply beg to thank you for the distinction and the compliment it carries with it. I am glad you approve of the new tariff law, and if I go to Minneapolis will be glad to meet you there. With best wishes for the success of your club, I am yours truly,

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY, JR." The member of the club, which was organized by men engaged in trade here, made possible by the McKinley bill, are naturally proud of this letter from the author of the law.

MOROCCO AND ITS PEOPLE.

Mr. Ellis Describes the Wonderful Country, Its Climate and Its Homes.

G. W. Ellis of Philadelphia is a guest at the Morion house. Mr. Ellis has but recently returned to this country after an extended tour of Europe and the countries of the Mediterranean. "I was especially interested," he said, "in Morocco, and spent some time in that country. It has a wonderfully salubrious climate, and is the resort for many invalids from France and England. The country has mines of untold wealth, miles of rich, arable land and is only two day's journey from the ports of England. The country consists of a few scattered Arab villages, foul cities and great stretches of rich plains where the flocks of wild horses and cattle roam. The country is untouched by industry and governed by a weak-minded sultan under the control of a score of pig-headed old counselors, of whom he stands in awe because they served his father. The various hahaws oppress the tribes under them by a remorseless system of taxation, and expend their revenues in maintaining luxurious harems. There is no written law and prisoners are condemned without trial or released through bribery. There is no security for life or property. The tribes of hardy mountaineers are in constant revolt against the sultan. The government discourages trade and any form of public improvement. Without the country has inexhaustible resources. Morocco may be turned over by scratching the soil, life is easy, labor well paid and health is so assured as not to be counted a benefit. I can not understand how it is that while the most remote countries of the globe have been settled and colonized this land of eternal summer has remained as forsaken as it was 600 years ago. I believe there will soon be a decided change, for Spain, France and England are all casting longing eyes at this country. Spain only recently laid a cable to Morocco, and has arranged to put a standing army of considerable size there at short notice. France has always longed for the control of the country, and it is a fond dream of the French to establish a North African empire similar to the East Indian empire of the English. The key to the whole country is Tangier, and that city really controls the fortress of Gibraltar. The question of Morocco's future presents very interesting possibilities, and will, I think, be solved before long."

Some Russian "Conversations."

A person living in Russia cannot justly complain of ennui, for there a child ten years of age may only go from home to school with a passport. Servants and peasants cannot go away from where they live without a passport. A gentleman residing at St. Petersburg or Moscow cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police of his arrival. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers. And for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind. As for foreigners, the solicitude of the authorities for their "comfort" is really touching. They are scarcely allowed to breathe without passports, for which fees are asked.